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THE
CUR and the LAP-DOG,
A
P O E M.

Inscrib'd to her Grace

THE
Dutcheſs of *Manchester*.

Ne Magnus tenuem deſpicito.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal Highneſs
the Prince of *Wales*, at the *King's-Arms* in *New Bond-
ſtreet*; and C. CORBETT, at *Addiſon's-Head*, over-againſt
St. *Dunſtan's-Church*, *Fleetſtreet*. MDCCXXXVII.

THE
CUR and the LAB-DOG

P O E M.

Inscribed to her Grace

Duchess of Manchester.



Printed by J. B. ...
the Prince of ...
and ...
Duchess of ...



THE
CUR and the LAP-DOG,

A
P O E M.

Inscrib'd to her Grace the Dutcheſs of *Manchester*!

BRIGHT was the Morn, the Hemisphere
Without a Cloud, serenely clear,
When brighter *Clelia* made her Tour,
At Twelve, or thereabouts the Hour.

At Twelve, ſhe cries, the glorious Day!
The Park, *Lamira*! let's away,

Adjusted in rich Diſhabille,
The taſſel'd Chair attends her Will—
And where's my little *Venee*—Come,
You ſhaggy Rogue, I'll find you Room.

The

The happy Föndling mends its pace,
 Fawns at her Foot, and takes its place;
 So seated as was *Jove* of old,
 When he address'd in *Show'rs of Gold*.

Now near the Mall she Westward bends,
 Where fair *Euphrosyne* befriends.
 How Zephyrs wanton as she goes!
 And how the well-made Vestment flows!
 O! how she treads! and how each Grace
 Sports in her Eye, and guides her pace!
 The Trees, in Honour to the Fair,
 Their nodding Branches wave in Air:
 By her soft Measure press'd, the Earth
 Gives nameless Vegetables Birth:
 Strait blows the Rose where'er she comes!
 Where'er she passes Nature blooms!
 Where'er to step the Charmer deigns,
 The Spring anticipated reigns.

Nor less proclaims her Beauty's Pow'r
 The instinct World, than Plant or Flow'r:
 The

The lowing Herd, the neighing Steed,
 The sportive Fawn neglect to feed,
 The winged Tribe forget to fly,
 All stare with one astonish'd Eye,
 As *Indians*, when they see from far
 Sweep thro' the Sky some blazing Star.

Th' Ascent now gain'd, she, like the Sun,
 Directs her Course where she begun,
 Darting strong Rays of Beauty here,
 The nobler Creature dazzling there,
 And spreading Wonder every where;
 Eclips'd by none, Eclipsing all
 The lesser Beauties of the Mall:
 So shine and twinkle Stars by Night,
 That are by Day no longer bright.

And now upon the Southmost side,
 A Bard th' attracting *Clelia* spy'd.
 The Bard, before the Walk she grac'd,
 Was chatting with his Muse on Taste:
 The Muse strait points the matchless Dame,
 To seek in Her alone that Name,

B

Whether

Whether for Beauty, or for Sense,
 And ev'ry Heav'nly Excellence.
 Her Charms, the Stock from whence she sprung,
 Employ the Eye, Employ the Tongue;
 But soft---'twere rash t'attempt to trace
 The Deeds of her illustrious Race,
 As 'twere her Person to survey,
 Like gazing on the God of Day,
 You can but bear a transient Ray.

Flutter ye Hearts! quick flow the Blood!
 (Too fierce her Looks to be withstood)
 Behold, she comes, with gay Career---
 She passes---*Venee* in the Rear.

And now forgive ye tuneful Nine!
 Forgive Thou ten times more Divine!
 If I forbear thy Goddess Theme,
 And string the Lyre to *Venee's* Fame:
Venee, thy Fav'rite, Turtle-footed,
 With trailing Ears, in Hair be-booted,
 Genteel and fair, of dapper size,
 And Mistress too of killing Eyes.

Vouchsafe

Vouchsafe then Muse---record in Story
 An Action much to *Venee's* Glory.
 'Twas here the Scene---A Cur, 'tis written,
 Approach'd, beheld, and strait was smitten :
 (For know, that *Venee* in her Station,
 Meets univ'fal Admiration)
 Her Charms resistless he confesses,
 And tho' less nobly-bred addresses ;
 Having a Boon i' th' Canine way
 To beg---'twas This, as Authors say.

If not too great, and pamper'd too,
 To listen when the Wretched sue ;
 If to thy Kind thou art a Friend,
 And can'st to Misery attend,
 Pity ! O happiest of thy Race !
 For mine's a very dismal Case.
 It is, cries He, my luckless Lot
 To serve where never boils the Pot ;
 Where never enters Beef or Mutton,
 And never once a Joint is cut on ;

Where

Where Spits and Jacks as useless are,
 As Swords and Guns when there's no War:
 Ah me! that ever I was Born!
 Curs'd be the Day both Night and Morn!
 In vain are Markets stor'd with Meat--
 'Tis Hell to See and not to Eat!
 To see such plentiful Reminders,
 Yet no Employment for my Grinders:
 To undergo such pow'ful Calls,
 Yet ev'ry Day see Butchers Stalls.

Come then thou ancient Remedy
 Of grouling Guts and Penury!
 Thou sovereign Hospitality!
 Drive far away Want's meagre Looks!
 Inspire the Hearts of Maids and Cooks!
 In vain---'tis fled---Nor Cook, nor Maid,
 As heretofore, now throws me Aid:
 To fam'd St. *Giles's* and *Church-Court*,
 Thither in vain I now resort;
 Of Scraps deny'd, in vain I roam,
 And Kicks and Blows return me Home,
 Where

Where all the Bones I find to pick
 Are Herring Bones, that make me Sick;
 And the Sum total of my Faring,
 Is only now and then Cheese-paring.

Fair *Venee*, say---when Hunger pinches,
 Is it to live, or die by Inches?
 Or which the wisest, linger Life?
 Or end at once the wretched Strife?
 Say, far'd we thus in ancient Times?
 Or live we thus in foreign Climes?

O bear me hence some canine Spirit!
 Where more Regard is paid to Merit;
 Where Virtue is the Golden Rule,
 Nor laugh'd to Scorn by ev'ry Fool;
 Where Hearts are not cas'd round with Steel,
 But can a soft Emotion feel;
 Where none the Plagues of Living know,
 Where ev'ry Woe's a common Woe;
 Where Gold is not the only Mode
 In Vogue, of worshipping a God:

Some

Some list'ning better Spirit hear me!
 From this degen'rate Land O bear me!
 Bear me to those sweet happy Isles,
 Where Nature ever sings and smiles;
 There, where drew Breath the first of all
 Our Breed, which they *Canaria* call:
 Tradition marks out this the Place,
 The Paradise o' th' *Canine* Race.

Ending the Cur his plaintive Tale,
Venee to answer did not fail:
 Cries she (first sighing at the Ditty,
 As if her Heart would rend with Pity)
 It grieves me very Sore to find
 Such Wretchedness among my Kind.
 The Gods have thought me fit to place
 The Pride and Envy of my Race;
 But tho' I'm great, I've still in View,
 That I am Flesh and Blood like you.
 The Disproportion, that we see
 'Twixt those of High and Low Degree,
 Was pre-ordain'd, and very Wise,
 To keep us in Dependencies;

For

For being equal, we should strait
 Relapse into a *Babel* State.
 Be then contented with your Station,
 Nor call it partial your Creation :
 What makes Disparity a Curse, is,
 Not opening often enough our Purfes :
 A Boon to proper Objects given,
 We should not thus repine at Heaven.

And pray---who is't, whose scanty Table,
 Renders your Life so miserable?
 Some Wretch, some Miser, I suppose,
 Denies himself Meat, Drink, and Cloaths?

No---to do Justice---I must own,
 My Master too feels Fortune's Frown :
 He is a very honest Man,
 And I am sure does all he can ;
 But when can he? He is a Poet,
 An please you---and he cannot do it.
 So, He and I must pitch our Tent,
 Where shines forth more Encouragement,
 Unless some bounteous Hand should raise
 Us up to taste of happier Days. O bless'd

O blest Encounter! lucky Hour!
 Now out of starving Fortune's Power:
 For instant, as the Story goes,
 He found Relief of all his Woes,
 And the no longer wretched Cur
 Now fares like any Emperor;
 By *Venee's* means, he never fails
 Of having ev'ry Day three Meals.

Thus with the Bard; whose heard Address
 Meets equal Candour and Success,
 And some Ennobled, pitying Fair,
 Deigns make his hapless Muse her Care,

F I N I S.

